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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE NO. 3.

Edinburgh to London.

LONDON, June 17th, 1878.

I wrote my last letter from Edinburgh. The native Scot pronounces it "Edinborough." Our hotel was diagonally opposite Walter Scott's monument. It was conducted on the principle of "pay for what you get." Your meals cost you from a shilling and six-pence (English) to a pound sterling—according as you ordered. We were very centrally located. Indeed nearly all the hotels are located on our (Princes) street. From our window we could see the Castle, St. Giles Cathedral and other historical points.—Edinburgh is called the 'Modern Athens.' One writer calls her "a patrician amongst British cities;" "A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree." She justly lays great claims to intellectual supremacy as well as beauty. It is the verdict of nearly every tourist that there is not a pleasanter place in all Europe than Edinburgh. We wish our Salina friends could have stood with us at the top of Nelson's monument on Calton Hill. They would have beheld a series of the finest panoramic views to be found in Europe. Calton Hill is a grand old eminence. Dugald Stewart's monument is there; also Prof. Playfair's. Not far away is Burns. Near by is the old Calton Burying Ground, where we saw the tomb of Hume, the historian.

As we intend to re-visit this portion of Scotland we shall not write at length of "Auld Reekie." We were fortunate to meet here one of our old "shipmates" in the person of Mr. Alexander McGregor Crerar, who was born in Edinburgh, and who, after a five years' residence in New York, has returned to his old home to abide henceforth. He tendered his services, (which we very thankfully received) as a guide to a party of three of us. Thus we were enabled to make a "rapid transit" over the city, and gain a good general idea of places of historical interest.

To commence, it is on only necessary to remark what most people observe that to expunge Sir Walter Scot, Mary Queen of Scots, William Wallace and Robert Bruce would be to inflict a mortal wound upon the romance, and attraction which clothes every inch of Scottish territory with magnificent coloring. These august personages are as shrines erected on every blue hill of Scotland, at which people from all lands worship. And the Scot makes a glowing story out of every little incident—from the location of a shrub to an ivy crowned turret—with which to make the awe-struck tourist open his mouth wider and extract an unsuspecting shilling.

The next morning after our arrival, piloted by Mr. Crerar, we visited the castle. On the explanade the 50th Regiment was at drill. The red coats did well considering they were only British. The precision of their movements was perfect—almost as perfect as the "squad" of men who solemnly marched across the stage at the theatre. These soldiers have the funniest "undress" hat in the world. It looks, when worn, like the cover of a wooden collar box strapped on to the head of a large-sized gorrilla.

After witnessing the parade we strolled over the draw bridge, under the port cullis, on to a parapet where stood that celebrated ancient piece of ordnance known as "Mons Meg," with a history dating back to the seige of Thrive castle, in 1455. It is an ugly ruin now; and if loaded and touched off would probably send iron particles and men to all points of the compass. Back of it stands the chapel of Queen Margaret, built in the ninth century, and only about 17x11 feet in size. We visited the room known as "Queen Mary's" room, where Mary Stuart gave birth to James I of England. It is about the size of one of Salina's bay windows, and they are sometimes terribly diminutive. In an adjoining room, perhaps the audience chamber, are preserved original portraits of Mary, and Darnley, her second husband. The crown room was the next object of interest, where the ancient regalia of Scotland are preserved. There were the crown, sceptre and sword of state—the crown as old as the boys of Bruce. The last monarch crowned with it was Charles I. There were several other "royal ornaments"—among them a ruby ring, set with diamonds, worn by Charles I at his coronation. The disposition of the Americans is to "accumulate." We felt that disposition rolling over us like a flood, as we looked upon that bejeweled crown, and had not a strong iron grating kept us from it, we would probably ere this have been stowed away with the crown of Bruce and the stuarts in some land where extradition laws are not known.

From the castle we strolled down an ancient thorougfare made up of Lawnmarket, High street and Canongate which perhaps has a larger stock of historical interest connected with it than any other street in the Island. This is in the part known as the Old Town, and there cannot be such long rows of old, tumble down houses anywhere else as here—unless you hunt up ruins. After closing in on that "close," and winding through that "wynd," we struck first St. Giles Cathedral, where the great evangelical conference was held last year. This building was founded in the 15th century. Regent Murray is buried here—at least an inscription in good (old style) English on a marble slab says so. In the south transept John Knox preached. We saw the place where his pulpit stood in ye olden time. It was there that he delivered that celebrated sermon, denouncing the Mary and Darnley marriage, and beating the pulpit with his fist with such "violent language" that he was, says one of his cotemporaries, "like to ding the pulpit in blads and flee out of it." We were shown the royal pew where from time to time monarchs have nodded over long sermons from the days of James VI to Victoria. In another part of the church Jenny Geddes was so improper as to hurl a stool at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh when he endeavored to read the collect for the day. We didn't exactly see the place where the stool slinging was done. We suppose the exact location will become a matter for theological discussion, and thus be settled definitely. Possibly two sects will grow out of this transaction; one to be known as the South-Transept-Jenny-Geddesites, and the other as the North-Transept-Jenny-Geddesites. Meanwhile portions of the stool will be found distributed among the temples of the *enlightened* world.

The Parliament House we did not visit, but shall on our return. In passing through the square we came suddenly upon a small surface-bronzed stone in the ground, with the initials "J. K.," indicating the spot where John Knox lies buried. Passing on we looked for a moment upon the old shop and residence of Allan Ramsey, the poet. Then we came to John Knox's house. It is one of the oldest of the quaint old buildings of Edinburgh. One story projects over the other, in the olden style. Above the ground floor is this inscription.

"LUFE . GOD . ABUFE AL . AND YI . NYCHTBOUR . AS . YI . SELF."

Passing Canongate Tolbooth and a number of other places made familiar by Scott's inimitable Waverly's, we at last look upon the towers of Holyrood place. By paying a fee of one shilling (24 cents in our money) we were permitted to visit the following places hid away in James V's towers: the picture gallery, Lord Darnley's rooms, Mary Queen of Scots' rooms, and the ruined Chapel Royal. The new part of the palace is not open to visitors unless they belong to the "select," like Queen Victoria. England's queen spent a few days here last summer, on her way to Balmoral castle. The picture gallery spoken of is a fine place in which to indulge your "imagination;" for we are informed that upon the walls hang a hundred *imaginary* portraits of both fabulus and reputed kings of Scotland, all painted by a Flemish artist named DeWitt. What was of more interest to us, was our occupation of tracing out the rents (which have been mended) made by the swords of Hawley's dragoons after their defeat at Falkirk. These were not *imaginary* but *real* rents. Lord Darnley's room contain some interesting portraits and fine specimens of tapestry. In the audience chamber of Queen Mary are what is left of the very rich state bed and furniture used by Charles I, while a resident of Holyrood, as well as some his successors. Culp said the bed was too short. It did seem so. Charles (not Charles Culp, but Charles I) must have shut himself up like a jack-knife to have slept comfortably.

In an adjoining room (the bed chamber) is shown Queen Mary's bed, chairs, pieces of tapestry, and other articles, which look as if the centuries were playing sad havoc with them. There is also a fine portrait of Mary, which would do very well for the portrait of one of Salina's handsome ladies. We will not be so cruel as to create any envy among our town ladies by mentioning her name.—The place where Rizzio was murdered was pointed out; as also dark stains on the floor said to have been made by his blood. Our eyesight was not strong enough to see any blood stains. Probably time has long before this "mopped up" all remnants of Rizzio's gore.

Descending several flights of stairs we reached the ruins of the Chapel Royal. The sepulchral memorials on flat grave stones are numerous here. In this old chapel Charles I and a number of other kings were crowned. Queen Mary and Darnley were married here. Here a number of second-class monarchs are buried. I am surprised to find the rooms of the old-time monarchs so small. The palaces too, do not have the proportions that boyhood's fancy created.

Scott's monument is an elegant structure. We doubt if the world can produce another one as fine. There are numerous monuments in the city, and all of them are works of great merit. Edinburgh is a "modern Athens" in appearance, as well as intellectually. Looking from our hotel window the morning after our arrival, it struck me that I was gazing on a picture quite similar to the common representation of Athens. So striking was the resemblance that I called the attention of my companion to it. The Castle crowning the hill might be taken for the Acropolis, while the Royal Institution with its Doric architecture might easily be taken for the concomitants of the Acropolis. The buildings of the town generally look hoary with age, although a large portion of them were but recently constructed. The climate is such as to cause them in a few years to put on a venerable air. The air is so heavy that a proper amount of draught for the chimneys is secured by what Culp calls "flower pots." Inverted flower pots arranged in a row serves pretty well for a description.

You will see many of the hotels advertised as "temperance hotels." We stopped at the "Old Waverly Temperance Hotel." We refer to this for the simple purpose of showing that even in the "benighted" lands East of the Atlantic where only a few years ago "nut-brown draughts" were taken by the quart and gallon per head at one social sitting, people begin to take a little interest in temperance. We saw the day before we came away a procession of a thousand temperance children, bearing banners with familiar inscriptions, march up Prince's Street to the depot, where they took cars for picnic grounds. The little children had their balls and bats and were prepared for a day's sport on the lawn. Speaking of this procession leads us also to mention the fact that we saw for the first time a person dressed in the "regulation" Highland costume. And as the children marched the "bagpipe skirled."

On Friday morning we took the train for Lochleven, via Stirling. We passed the field of Bannockburn. An obliging Scotchman pointed out the field to us from the car window. He also showed us Gillies Hill from whence marched the "rag, tag and bobtail" campfollowers of Bruce who really decided the fortunes of the day and made the English scamper off like a flock of sheep. We stopped a moment at Stirling and saw its celebrated castle. Stirling and Bannockburn we shall revisit. We saw on one of the prominences of the Highlands the old monument erected to William Wallace. This is said to overlook twelve battle fields. It should do so, for it is high enough. We arrived at Kinross, an old, sleepy town, on the shores of Lochleven, soon after noon. (We suppose, of course, the JOURNAL readers know that the Scotch call a lake, "lock.") We "put up" at the Salutation Hotel, an old-fashioned inn, where we found a buxom land-lady at the helm, a clean substatial square meal, and decent prices. We went down to the boat house and engaged a boat and two oarsmen for two hours—all for a $1.25. And one of the oarsmen, who smoked a blackened clay pipe upside down, and was tolerably drunk, attempted to act as guide to the expedition. Lochleven is as beautiful a sheet of water as the sun shines upon. It is possibly six miles long and three miles wide. Its waters are as clear as crystal, and its pebbled bottom can be seen as if a powerful lens had brought it right to the eye. Its trout, which are considered the best in all Scotland, bring fishermen from the highlands and lowlands, far and near, who angle successfully in its pellucid waters. We saw some of the trout. They were beautiful creatures. The lake, or lock, has several islands, and upon one of them is situated the celebrated castle where Mary Stuart suffered the rigors of a close confinement for eleven months, and from which she subsequently escaped. Our boatmen landed us on the little island, and piloted by them, we undertook to explore the castle. It is in pretty good condition. Within the wall is a large court now covered with the soft carpet-like grass so common in Scotland. This charming place has become the resort of picnic parties, and a better place for the purpose does not exist. The tower in which Queen Mary and her faithful Mary Seaton had apartments are mostly in ruins. We saw the postern gate from which the escape was made. The walls are covered with ivy, but you can yet tread with no difficulty almost their entire circuit, where the old warders kept watch (or should have kept watch) on the 2nd of May 1568. We lingered an hour in this picturesque spot, under the old trees, and then started back. Our boatman pointed out the spot where Mary landed with Douglas, and his fellow said she landed at another place. They rested on their oars and commenced arguing. They got mad and the discussion might have ended in a fight had we not spoiled the romance of the thing by asking, "Are you right sure she ever landed?" On regaining the shore we took a stroll through the beautiful grounds of Sir G. G. Montgomery, which border on the lake. Our little excursion to Lochleven I shall always remember with the greatest amount of pleasure.

Saturday morning at half-past ten we bade adieu to charming Edinburgh for a season, and took a train on the Midland railroad direct for London. The greater part of our route from Edinburgh to Carlisle is a fine agricultural district. It was somewhere between those points that we saw for the first time real bona fide "bottom land," like Saline county's. But the land was all in the highest State of cultivation. About Carlisle commenced the very hilly country of England which is devoted almost exclusively to sheep farming. Thousands of sheep were on almost every hill. The country was like every other exclusively stock country, sparcely inhabited, and little improved. You could find a similar country a few years ago between the Saline and Solomon rivers—only the hills of Northern England are higher and much less fertile. Below this district came the manufacturing towns, such as Leeds, Normanton, Sheffield, Chesterfield, Trent, Leicester, Bedford, etc. Our train was the fast, through London train, making 42 miles per hour including stoppages. We didn't even stop at Leeds, which has a population of over 200,000 inhabitants. Whizzed by numberless places which had ten, twenty, thirty and forty thousand inhabitants, and were off like a rocket before the names of the towns could be pronounced. It seemed as if there was a manufactory to every mile of land we traveled. We were never for a moment out of sight of a lofty chimney. It was really *tiresome* to see so much industry, and we longed for a good square farm scene. But it is delightful to travel so fast and propound interrogatories to the good-natured Englishman. He is courteous and seems always willing and more than pleased to answer your questions. He will tell you about what you see, considering it a pleasant task to enlighten, rather than close his mouth as tight as an oyster shell, as does our Yankee traveler.

It struck us as very strange that we did not see along our route any farmers driving to town with sleek and well-fed horses hitched to their Studebaker, *Fish* or Bain wagons. We do not remember of seeing even one such rig, although all the roads of the Kingdom are as smooth as a floor. We guess they must have been "busy putting in crops." That's what Salina merchants say of their farmers when their trade is dull. A litle out of Edinburgh we saw on our right the ruins of Borthwick castle, and nearly opposite on the left those of Crichton castle, where after their marriage Mary and Bothwell spent their long honey moon, and from which Mary fled in the guise of a page. We crossed the charming Tweed at Brigend. A short distance away, in plain sight, is the ford where the "*White Lady of Avenel*" is represented in "The Monastery" to have appeared to Father Phillip. We didn't see her, but saw a ragged urchin fishing in the same place for minnows. As we dashed beyond the bridge we caught sight of Abbotsford down the valley, on a side hill, the home of Sir Walter Scott. And then came Melrose Abey, grand and noble even in its ruins. We shall revisit Abbotsford and the Abbey. Two miles from Leeds we saw ruined Kirkstall abbey, which must have been a fine structure in its day. We were duly notified as we passed through Leicester that Richard III was buried there, and that Cardinal Wolsey died there. We were as promptly notified as we whirled through Bedford that John Bunyan lived, wrote and died there. We arrived at London a little after 9 o'clock P. M.

Yesterday morning (Sunday) we followed the crowd, and brought up at Westminister Abbey. We entered the grand portal and pushed and wriggled in the crowd until we got within hearing distance of Dean Stanley's voice. He was preaching to naval cadets, and spoke long on England's glorious navy. As we stood amid the tombs of the dead kings, queens, statesmen, generals and poets, listening to the grand old anthems, we experienced as we never did before the deep reverence one should feel with such surroundings. At the close of the services, we took the steamer on the historic Thames at Westminister Bridge for Waterloo Bridge, near which is our hotel. As we passed down the river we got a splendid view of "Cleopatra's needle, which is firmly secured near the pedestal upon which it is to be erected, being located between Charing Cross and Waterloo bridges. But we shall write of London at a Future time, when we shall have visited her opjects of interest and given them the attention they deserve.

SENIOR.

The Egyptian Carpenter.

The workmen of Egypt, in the days of the Pharaohs, were excellent handicraftsmen, and never "scamped" their work. In carpentry the Egyptians of old greatly excelled; their mode of joining boards together is worthy of remark, combining as it did, strength and neatness. When two boards are joined together on edge, by our modern carpenters, they frequently insert small, round pins into corresponding parts of the edges, and then apply them together. The Egyptian carpenter was not content with this precaution, and having used flat pins for the purpose, about two inches in breadth, he secured these again, after the boards had been applied to each other, by round pins driven vertically through the boards, and into each of the flat pins. Thus the possibility of the joint opening was effectually prevented. The saw, the chisel, the hatchet, the adz, and the drill, were well known to the Egyptians of the time of Moses, as were the processes of veneering and dove-tailing. There is no doubt either, that 3,300 years ago the gluepot was in requisition in the work shops of Memphis and Thebes.—Scrap Book.

Formula for Making Grafting Wax.

The Practical Farmer publishes the following formula for making an excellent liquid grafting wax, which being about the consistency of honey, it says may be readily applied with a brush for outdoor grafting, without the trouble of heating. It is likewise a good application for wounds in trees, cuts made in pruning, etc. Melt together one pound of good beef tallow; remove from the stove and let cool until a scum forms over it; then add one teaspoonful of spirits of turpentine; replace on the stove and add seven ounces of a mixture two parts strong alcohol, and one part water, stirring briskly, and taking care that the alcohol does not inflame, as it will if the mixture is too hot. Stir until the liquid is lost in the mixture, when it should be of the consistency of honey. Keep in a closed bottle and apply with a brush. If, after a few months it becomes hard, remelt, add a few more drops of turpentine, and of the alcohol and water. A few days after it is applied it becomes hard, and willl remain unchanged, except that it grows harder for an indefinite time.

Where did that man go to?

In a certain hotel in the village in Alabama, there is employed a bar tender who is the habit of taking his "tod" pretty freely, but always makes it a point never to drink in the presence of his employer. A few days ago, while he was in the act of drawing his "tod" preparatory to taking a drink, his employer came into the bar-room rather unexpectedly. Finding himself caught in the act, as he set the tumbler and its contents on the counter, he cast his eyes around with a look of surprise, and exclaimed:

"Where in thunder did that man that ordered this drink go to?"

Coming up on the train Friday we met Secretary of State, Tom Cavanaugh and Mr. Hudson, Editor of the Kansas Farmer. Cavanaugh tried to convince Hudson that Saline was the best county in the State; Hudson said every one claimed that for his own county. The latter gentleman asserts that if a farmer devotes his whole attention to wheat raising, at the end of ten years he will have to buy seed for the next sowing—not flattering talk to wheat growers. Without doubt he is right in claiming that mixed farming is the most profitable, and there is more money in stock raising than in anything else.—Ellsworth Reporter.

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TIME TABLE—K. P. R. R.

The following is the time-table of the arrival and departure of trains on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, at Salina.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	DEPART.
Mail and Express No 4	9 10 a. m.
Local Freight No. 6	6 00 a. m.
Stock Express No. 8	4 10 p. m.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Mail and Express No. 3	7 21 p. m.
Emigrant Freight No. 7	1 20 p. m.
Local Freight No. 9	6 00 p. m.

All trains carry passengers. Trains Nos. 3, 4, 7 and 8 run daily; No. 6 daily except Sunday; No. 9 daily except Monday. Railroad time 24 minutes faster than City.

FRANK C. JACKSON, Agent.